

# The Critic

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### Literature

#### "The Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland"\*

NOW THAT the Presidential canvass has opened, the views and sentiments of the leading candidates have become of special interest, and hence we are not surprised at receiving a volume of selections from the speeches and writings of Mr. Cleveland. The book has been compiled by an admirer of the ex-President's in New York City, and is issued with the approval of Mr. Cleveland himself, so that it may be accepted as an authoritative statement of his opinions. The selections it contains are taken from his various Messages to Congress and other State papers, and from speeches and letters of a more or less public character; and they discuss at greater or less length nearly all of the leading political questions of the day. They are arranged and classified by the editor in twenty-five different chapters.

It is impossible to discuss the subjects that are treated in this volume without taking a more or less partisan attitude, and as our attitude is unpartisan, we shall confine our remarks to the general characteristics of the book. We can hardly agree with Mr. Parker as to the 'grace of Mr. Cleveland's style and his 'plain, simple language'; the style is always dignified and free from affectation and striving for effect, yet it hardly merits the epithets that Mr. Parker bestows upon it. On the contrary, it seems to us heavy and circumlocutious oftener than simple and graceful, the diction, as a rule, being as highly abstract and Latinized as any in English literature. In the more informal writings and speeches this quality is less pronounced than in the ex-President's other utterances. Nothing could be simpler and better in feeling and expression than his remarks at Clinton, N. Y., his home in boyhood, or at Buffalo, the starting-point of his political career, or than his letter to *The Critic* in honor of Dr. Holmes's seventy-fifth birthday. The present volume affords ample proof, indeed, that Mr. Cleveland can, on occasion, put his ideas into very vigorous, direct and at times even eloquent English; though it is evident throughout that he is more concerned with the substance than the form of what he has to say.

The matter of these papers is characterized by sincerity, sobriety of judgment and entire freedom from disagreeable personalities. Mr. Cleveland is a strong partisan, and his partisanship is of that peculiar kind that has always characterized the Democratic party; yet he is something more than a mere partisan, and when he attacks the opposite party he attacks it, not because it is the opposite party, but because he disagrees with it on questions of public policy. This volume makes it plain that he has always been an attentive and thoughtful student of public affairs; for even his earliest public utterances show a clearness of vision and a definiteness of opinion which can only result from such study. He dwells too much, perhaps, on the truism that 'public office is a public trust,' and similar maxims; for such maxims are taken for granted by all honorable men, however little they may be regarded by the average office-holder or bestower of office.

\* The Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland. Selected and edited, with an introduction, by George F. Parker. Frontispiece portrait. \$2.50. Cassell Publishing Co.

Mr. Cleveland's views on the tariff and other financial questions are too well-known to need recapitulation here; but all his most important utterances on them are presented in this volume. Here, too, we find his opinions on civil service reform, on ballot reform, on pensions, on the Navy and public defense, and indeed on most of the questions now prominent in our politics; and in most cases we find not only opinions but well-conceived arguments in support of them. Our politicians for some time past have been rather noted for having no definite opinions on the questions of the time, or if they have any, for not daring to express them, and it is therefore refreshing to meet with a man who not only has such opinions, but expresses them freely and with the firmness of reasoned conviction. Indeed, in the hands of the average voter this volume, notwithstanding some defects of style, would be a useful means of political education, and we hope, therefore, that it will have a wide circulation.

#### "The German Emperor and His Eastern Neighbors"\*

THE RECENT EXPULSION from Russia of the writer, Poultney Bigelow, and the artist, Frederick Remington, on account of the criticisms of Russia and all things Russian contained in Mr. Bigelow's book, entitled 'The German Emperor and His Eastern Neighbors,' will no doubt increase the interest with which this attractive little volume will be received. It is very appropriately published as one of Mr. Arthur Stedman's Fiction, Fact and Fancy Series, for although 'fact' may be said to predominate, 'fancy' is given free play, and 'fiction' is not altogether neglected.

Having been a playmate of the German Emperor, Mr. Bigelow is well qualified to speak of his boyhood. The chapter on his army, though not presenting anything new or startling to the average military student, contains useful statistics in a convenient form. The remainder of the book is based chiefly upon observations made by the author during 'an extended tour through the Danubian provinces and western Russia,' and it is this part, no doubt, which has caused his present expulsion from the dominions of the Tsar. No one can blame the Tsar very much, either, for Mr. Bigelow's strictures are quite *à la* Kennan in severity. Yet it would seem that the poor ruler might get a crumb of comfort even among the disagreeable things he reads about himself, for on page 152 it is said:—'The German Emperor has as late as last November assured at least one personal friend that he will not attack Russia, that his country is in need of peace, and that so far as in him lies he will maintain it.' Germany and her institutions, as corrected and improved by the present Emperor, are lauded to the skies; while Russia is uniformly belittled and sneered at.

In his chapter on the army of the Emperor, Mr. Bigelow thinks West Point is not run in accordance with 'sound principles of government.' 'Our lawyers, clergymen, physicians and professional men generally do not ask the Government to pay for their education,' he remarks; 'or, if they do, they deserve the contempt of the community in which they earn their bread. Why, then, should the professional soldier and sailor form an exception?' Because lawyers, clergymen, physicians and professional men generally are not educated to serve the Government directly, and to lay down their lives, if necessary, at its bidding. It is absurd to compare any of the institutions or methods of our little army of twenty-five thousand men, in which service is purely voluntary, with the corresponding institutions and methods of the enormous army of Germany, where service is compulsory upon all. But it is wrong for the West Pointer to get his education at the expense of the Government, since in Germany 'the cadet pays anywhere from twenty dollars to three hundred dollars a year, according to circumstances.' In France and England also military educations must be paid for; and by simply showing that

\* The German Emperor and His Eastern Neighbors. By Poultney Bigelow. 75c. Charles L. Webster & Co.

the United States does not receive full return for the enormous sum of \$540 a year spent in educating each cadet at West Point, Mr. Bigelow can demonstrate the unsound principles of business or government on which that institution is run.

Mr. Bigelow is quite in error in a statement made on page 80, where he says:—'The West Pointer, fresh from the parade ground and section room, is ordered to the Mexican frontier or the far Northwest, and immediately put at the head of troops, each man under him knowing vastly more of frontier campaigning than is ever taught at West Point. It would spare our young officers many a mortification, and our brave soldiers many a hard time, if we copied a little of Teutonic commonsense in the matter, and attached them as supernumeraries to an active command, so they might learn something of campaigning before actually getting a full commission.' There are officers who have served a good many years on the frontier without hearing of a single instance in which a young graduate has been put in command of troops employed in field service. The practice is far different. Speaking of the permission to marry which must be obtained from their Government by German officers, the author says:—'These paternal restraints may seem intolerable to our officers, as they would be equally to those of England; yet many a scandal at our army posts would have been avoided had the newly graduated bridegroom been forced to submit to the wisdom of his elders instead of enjoying the dangerous liberty of rushing into matrimony without regard for his own future or the feelings of the community in which his lot is intimately cast.' Anyone familiar with life at our army posts will see how misleading this statement is.

Mr. Bigelow seems to think that all William II. has to do to gain the victory over his neighbors is to go to war with them. A glance at the state of the armed forces of Europe indicates that he would not have such a walk-over as his admirer would imply. According to credible statistics, the Triple Alliance countries, including their field reserves, first and second reserves, and England's contingent, could muster an army of only eight and a half millions. Of these only about three millions would be German troops. France and Russia, including the corresponding reserve, can put in the field twelve millions. It is probable that the German army proper is the best equipped army in the world. But France, with her four and a quarter millions ready for immediate service, is on a far different footing as to organization, training and equipment from what she was in 1870; and Russia, with seven and a half millions of armed men commanded by able leaders, may not appreciate the kindness of William II. in refraining from attacking her. Moreover, England's attitude is not settled, while Italy and Austria are allies at best. The Austrian Army, with its heterogeneous elements united only by a common devotion to Franz Joseph, and the Italians, with their well-known characteristics, cannot be counted upon to carry on a war with the enthusiasm of the French or the dogged perseverance of the Russians who, if ably led, will march to annihilation with grim indifference. What troops except Russian could obey orders to drop down, if wounded, without uttering a cry or even a moan of pain? Mr. Bigelow draws somewhat hasty inferences as to the possible outcome of that great war which will probably sweep Europe before the present generation shall have passed away.

The author is certainly in error in the statement made on page 28, that the German army is the largest in the world. The active army of Germany numbers less than 810,000, while the active armies of Italy, Austria, France and Russia number approximately 890,000; 834,000; 1,200,000; and 1,600,000 respectively. Adding the field reserve and the first and second reserves to the active armies of these nations, the German army is still inferior in numbers to that of either France or Russia.

#### Augustine Birrell's "Res Judicata"

THE NEW VOLUME by the author of 'Obiter Dicta' will need no commendation to those who have read that pleasant pair of books. This is in the same vein, being made up of a dozen short papers, all but two of which have already appeared in *Macmillan's*, *Scribner's*, and other periodicals. The essays on 'Samuel Richardson' and 'Edward Gibbon' were composed as lectures and are now printed for the first time. Richardson, who 'has always been exposed to a strong undercurrent of ridicule,' finds a vigorous defender in Mr. Birrell:—

'Pamela' and 'Clarissa' are both terribly realistic; they contain passages of horror and are in parts profoundly pathetic, whilst 'Clarissa' is desperately courageous. Fielding, with all his swagger and bounce, gold lace and strong language, has no more of the boldness than he has of the sublimity of the historian of Clarissa Harlowe. But these qualities avail poor Richardson nothing. The taint of afternoon tea still clings to him. The facts—the harmless, nay, I will say the attractive, facts—that he preferred the society of ladies to that of his own sex, and liked to be surrounded by those surely not strange creatures, in his gardens and grottoes, first at North End, Hammersmith, and afterwards at Parsons Green, are still remembered against him.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, late editor of 'The National Dictionary of Biography,' who had, 'in that capacity, to sit like a coroner's jury upon every dead author, and to decide whether his exploits are to be squeezed into one miserable paragraph or may be allowed proudly to expand over a page,' pronounces 'Pamela' to be 'neither moral nor amusing'; but our essayist appeals from 'the verdict of the university' to 'that of the kitchen.' Cooks and housemaids still delight in 'Pamela,' which is constantly reprinted in cheap form for the poor. It is extraordinarily popular among 'those who are not much in the habit of reading'; and a story is added of its being read aloud by a blacksmith to a band of eager rustics gathered round his anvil night after night, 'all dreadfully anxious good Mr. Richardson would only move on a little faster, and yet unwilling to miss a single one of poor Pamela's misadventures,' and lustily cheering her marriage in the end. After going on with Mr. Birrell for the next four pages of genial eulogy of the old novel, we are quite prepared, as he is, 'to join with the rustics in loud cheers' for the vulgar but virtuous Pamela. But Richardson has been a favorite with other than kitchen-girls and blacksmiths—with Lamb and Thackeray, Rousseau and Napoleon; and when Hazlitt heard that this great Frenchman admired 'Clarissa,' he 'fell in love with Napoleon on the spot, and subsequently wrote his life in numerous volumes.' The novel had also a great sale in Germany, and 'those who are acquainted with German sentiment will have no difficulty in tracing a good deal of it to its original fountain in Fleet Street.'

One of the best papers is that on Cowper, who, some serious people will be startled to learn, 'belonged essentially to the order of wags,' and 'loved a jest, a barrel of oysters, and a bottle of wine.' If he had not 'gone mad and been frightened out of the world of trifles, we should have had another Prior, a wittier Gay, an earlier Præd, an English La Fontaine.' The story of his life is told with mingled humor and pathos. Equally agreeable is the sketch of 'the delightful, the bewitching, the never-sufficiently-to-be-praised George Borrow'; and that of Cardinal Newman, whose humor, like Cowper's, is shrewdly dwelt upon—humor of the kind that 'happens unexpectedly, but all the same we expect it to happen, and we have got our laughter ready.' In this paper there is a capital hit at *The Saturday Review* for its 'John Bullism, bold and erect,' in its comments on Newman's change of faith:—'If the Ark of Peter won't hoist the Union Jack, John Bull must have an Ark of his own, with patriotic clergy of his own manufacture tugging at the oar, and with nothing foreign in the hold save some sound old port.'

We had marked sundry other passages for quotation here, and also in the papers on Matthew Arnold and Charles



Lamb's Letters, but the reader will find them all and many more for himself. This is not one of the books that one is willing to be acquainted with only through the reviewer.

#### In the Blue-Grass \*

THE BIRTH OF one commonwealth from another in the evolution of our manifold Republic furnishes a story not unlike that of the 'Greater Britain' or the 'Greater Greece' of ancient and modern times. It is the story of the sturdy child outgrowing the venerable mother—of Sybaris and Syracuse and Marseilles and Byzantium surprising the Athens or Corinth or what not from which they sprang,—the story of rich and strange architectures like the Saracen slowly unfolding from the simpler Greek or Byzantine, and producing a new combination, of striking picturesqueness. Thus it is that icy New England gives birth to the warm, rich, magnetic States of the West, like California and Oregon; Missouri springs from the arms of Kentucky; Kentucky becomes the beautiful child of Virginia; and Virginia herself the fruitful Cornelia scattering her 'jewels' through the great Territories of the vague and unexplored Northwest.

It is this most Virginia-like of States—Kentucky—that Mr. James Lane Allen lingers about so lovingly in the volume before us, gathering up her characteristics in vivid and interesting chapters, noting the rounded and luxurious forms which the more angular Virginia civilization has assumed in this great garden of the West, calling attention to this and that salient feature of the landscape or the life, or culling from the general level of prosperous commonplace some historic fact or picturesque settlement like that of the Trappists at Gethsemane. Virginia rippled up against the Alleghenies and the Cumberlands, and flowed over these mountain walls into an undulous plain as sunny and as sweet as Lombardy; and there, in a hundred years, she transformed herself into the lovely child of Mr. Allen's musings—a child that has also been the mother of Presidents. Beneath the soil lie the warm fertilizing limestones that make the tobacco grow as big as a banana-plant; above the soil is the beautiful wave and shimmer of the sheeted 'blue-grass,' about which, seen at a certain angle, there is the glint of sapphire-emerald; and above this yet spring those fruits and cereals, those vines and nut-trees that have made Kentucky 'Bartlett's' and 'Bourbon' and 'Shaker preserves' celebrated. A soil so rich in material wealth could not fail to kindle in the adventurous Virginia blood that lived upon it a quicker physical pulse, a more ardent and generous flame, a crowd of instincts rather sensuous than intellectual—given to the liberal love of horses, of sport, of domestic ease and natural beauty. Virginia hospitality, already proverbial, has expanded into something even ampler in Kentucky; slavery there took on a more benign aspect than on the big plantations of the Mississippi; the life became almost wholly external under the gentle yet resistless urge of the Epicurean landscape. Kentucky, therefore, has had no great art or artist or literary figure: she is too young, too jubilant with her child's blood in her bounding veins, too careless, too Olympic in her love of horse-racing and of sports unakin to the soul—as yet. After a while other things will come: Mr. Allen himself is a hopeful sign; President Lincoln and Jefferson Davis belong to the recent past; the eminent men in Congress from that State show still another facet; and the dramatic art is not without gifted representatives. The eight chapters which compose the work (written originally for *Harper's Monthly and The Century*) show a varied picture of Kentucky in its homesteads, its local coloring, its fairs, court-days, fine eastern mountain scenery, and spacious airy surroundings. Mr. Allen has a poetic touch, a full vocabulary, a frequent felicity of phrase: it would be interesting to contrast his style with Mr. Page's if we had space—the son's with the

grandson's, so to speak; but, after all, what is the use of contrasting the red rose with the white? Each has its lovers.

#### Paul Revere \*

EXCEPT THAT Paul Revere took a midnight ride to Lexington, to carry the news of the march of the British troops from Boston, few Americans know anything of him. Yet his life was one of varied enterprise and achievement and of rare personal worth. He was an engraver on copper, whose published illustrations and caricatures had stirred public sentiment; his bells had rung out on the air for both invitation and alarm; while his cannon had thundered, and the industry founded by him had been long in flourishing existence when as yet his name was in shadow and his biography unwritten. Four or five years ago, the writer of this review, while casually in the office of the Revere Copper Co., found that Mr. Goss was inquiring into all details concerning the fearless Huguenot who woke up Concord and Lexington, and of the biographer's industry and zeal he has heard at libraries since. In the brace of portly volumes now at hand the results of this praiseworthy industry, critical inquiry and literary skill are attractively apparent. On thick paper, in large type, with abundance of engravings and everything in the way of equipment, from frontispiece to index, the biography is worthy of the subject. If the story is not thrilling, it is at least very interesting.

Paul Revere, whose life began in 1735 and ended in 1818, was of the Rivoires of France, who after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day were scattered over Holland and England. Those who came to Boston formed a powerful element in making that city what it is. To accommodate the Bostonians who found it difficult to pronounce French properly, Apollos Rivoire the goldsmith about 1725 changed his name to Paul Revere. Marrying a Boston girl, the sturdy Huguenot had twelve children, of whom Paul the historic was the third. The boy learned his father's business, and in due time, on a plate of copper, illustrated the Boston massacre and the battle of Bunker Hill. He had learned something of military life by serving in the colonial artillery at Fort George in 1756; he was one of the Boston Tea Party; as a horseman he was famous. He took the ride to Portsmouth, N. H., which resulted in a supply of powder for Bunker Hill; and carried the 'Suffolk Resolves' to Philadelphia. The story of the lantern in the steeple, wherein still hangs the oldest and possibly the finest chime of bells in America, is herein finely told. In his military career, Paul Revere was, to his regret, assigned to the Massachusetts train, instead of to the Continental army. He won no special distinction as a soldier, but was active and faithful. He built a powdermill, cast cannon, engraved the colonial paper money and was active in various handicrafts, dentistry included. By means of the wire used in fastening the artificial tooth in the mouth of Gen. Warren, he was able to identify the exhumed body of that patriot. Revere was an active Freemason. He established various industries and charities, the copper-rolling factory at Canton, still in active operation, being the chief one. Here were rolled the sheets that sheathed the frigates Constitution and Essex. He was a striking figure in the history of Boston and of eastern Massachusetts, and left many proofs of the fact.

His biographer, with loyal zeal, commendable industry and practiced pen, gives a full and detailed picture of this most busy and useful life. The style is brisk and the matter abundant but condensed into well-arranged chapters and appendices. An outline of the family history is also added, in which it is seen that two of Paul Revere's grandsons—one a surgeon, the other a colonel—were killed at Gettysburg. A noble and patriotic example is set for us in the life of Paul Revere, and we are grateful that the biographer has given us the full story in such excellent taste.

\* The Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky, and Other Kentucky Articles. By James Lane Allen. \$2.50. Harper & Bros.

\* The Life of Col. Paul Revere. By Ellridge Henry Goss. 2 vols. \$6. J. G. Cupples.

## Abbott's History of Greece\*

THE MOST INTERESTING of ancient problems—one immemorably fresh and instructive—is the history of the people who have contributed more than any other to the development of modern thought and art. Greek philosophies, Greek politics, the dreams, even the heresies of Greek thinkers, are full of a perpetual fresh life as stimulating as ozone to the student of modern institutions. The atmosphere of Hellas was always quick with inspiration. What it thought and did was the brightest and strongest that could be thought or done; what it lived was the richest existence; what it wrought are now the world's masterpieces in sculpture, architecture, poetry. A people so tempered and so talented, standing on the highest round of the Aryan ladder and exhibiting instinctive as well as hereditary cultures of every sort, is and has ever been a lode-star fixing the eye of all the succeeding generations on its calm plenitudes of light, leading as well as lighting the nations that have followed. Modern politicians, modern scholars, turn to Hellas for their most precious lessons, their loftiest teachings; the battles, the constitutions, the games of Greece are the starting-points of modern comparison and imitation; Sparta and Athens still abound in striking examples of political and military wisdom. The incalculable influence of this small peninsula is rivalled if at all only by that of the neighboring peninsula, bathed by the same warm and beautiful seas.

Dr. Abbott's first volume on this fascinating topic—Hellas and its teachings—at once showed itself to be a standard work, wrought out with an even finish and a scholarly deliberation worthy of the highest praise. Several years have elapsed since it came out; and now it is followed by Part II, treating of the forty-five years between the Ionian Revolt and the Thirty Years' Peace: 500-445 B.C. The extreme importance of these few years may be gathered from the simple statement that within them Marathon, Thermopylae, Artemisium, Salamis, Plataea, and Mycale occurred; Themistocles rose; Pausanias helped to crush Xerxes; the Persians fled foaming with wrath across the Hellespont; and the great Sicilian and Italian colonies grew into a 'Greater Greece' which threatened to overshadow Greece itself. It is natural that events of such magnitude should fill the entire volume and force the author to devote another (hereafter) to the same period. The Fifth Century B.C. was to Hellas what the sixteenth century was to England and France or the eighteenth century to Germany; a period of amazing fulness of growth, of luxuriant development, of manysided contact, of astounding vitality. Watered by the rich red blood of the Persian Wars, Hellas flowered out as it had never flowered out before, fertilized in innumerable ways by contact with Persia (its Aryan sister) and its own allies.

In the account of this exoteric efflorescence Dr. Abbott traces in his own careful and admirable way the growth and expansion of the complex 'concept' Hellas in its manifold significance, finding as the dominant chord of the century hostility to Persia, the hatred of sister to sister. Greece growing out of its tribal and temple *nuclei*, out of its village-groups into its *πόλεις*, developed a great variety of states different in temper, in climate, in gifts, endowed with aristocratic, monarchical, democratic and oligarchical tendencies, full of feuds and fraternal oppositions and disunion from the start, yet united by strong if invisible ties of a common Hellenism. One in language, in religion, in descent, one in the great recurring cyclic games, one in customs and institutions like the Amphictyonic Council, and one in its abhorrence of the 'Great King,' it yet fell to pieces as having no centripetal force, not even the Delphic oracle, strong enough to hold it together. The Persian Wars were a temporary incident soldering the unwieldy mass of wilful, ill-tempered little city-states together. There was no more

real cohesion between them than there is between a handful of marbles.

Dr. Abbott follows these lines of thought with masterly care and shows how much, in spite of her ineradicable spirit of disunion, Hellas accomplished. 'Secession' was the watchword of the Greek ancients; the colonies 'seceded' from the mother-city whenever they could; dissension reigned where apparently there was no cause for it; and yet, now, we can afford to overlook these minor discords for the sake of the result, unique in its kind, which we associate with the idea 'Hellas'—an idea redolent of independence, of self-respect, of enlightened self-development, and of profound culture.

## "The One Good Guest"

IN 'THE ONE GOOD GUEST,' Mrs. L. B. Walford has written a story wherein she has presented with so much sagacity and force the difference between the spontaneous cordial view of life taken by young people in their teens and the conservative suspicious one taken by their elders, that we, being of the latter avowedly crabbed class, suspect that she must have some ulterior motive. Does she not know that by a book of this kind she is imperilling that belief in the infallibility of the judgment of parents and guardians which only the fortifying example of the Chinese nation ruled by its ancestors has served to sustain against a long insurrectionary attack? In 'The One Good Guest,' four children—for the oldest, a lad of twenty-one, is hardly more than a child—determine to live with such decorum and propriety at Duck Hill Manor that no one shall have occasion to say they need guardian or governess to direct them; to demonstrate which, they invite a lot of people for a week's shooting. But it pours the whole week, the billiard-balls are in bad condition, the people are bored and go off in a pet; and the one good guest, who neither grumbled nor made the poor host and hostess feel cut up, was invited to stay on. From this moment the discontented guests, feeling it to be their duty to learn something ill about him, concoct quite a little story, which they send back to the manor. It seems that the young host, perceiving the guest to be interested in his (the host's) sister, and feeling that as the head of the family he must know about his antecedents, makes the necessary inquiries; so when the unpleasant stories arrive, the young host goes up to London post-haste, and refutes them. The tale is told with the spirit that always characterizes Mrs. Walford's stories when she can thoroughly and avowedly announce herself on the side of youth and innocence and against that of crabbed age.

## Recent Fiction

'HELEN BRENT, M.D.,' is a social study that has created some comment from the fact that it is the presentation of a subject that has of late become important to men and women who are thinking deeply on the subject of professional careers for women—how far they interfere with or how far they augment their natural sphere of usefulness. The story tries to present both sides of the issue, and that the two sides are almost inevitably opposed to each other goes without saying; as also the fact that in this little study they are typified by the man's and the woman's point of view. Helen Brent—a woman sagacious, eminent, and skilled in medicine,—because it is an absolute law of her being that she must continue her scientific life, chooses to give up the prospect of being the wife of a man whom she loves. He cannot reconcile her public life with his private requirements. She cannot, though she is ready to make concessions, sacrifice her passionate love of knowledge to a monotonous domestic existence. In her conversations with her lover, who is a lawyer, she points out to him that year by year a man's public life takes him more and more away from his family, and yet no one ever demands that he shall give up his career or surrender one jot or tittle of the time he devotes to municipal affairs to the entertainment of his wife. And yet to her logical mind these demands seem not more monstrous than that a woman should give up all her force to affairs of the household. On this rock apparently they split. In reality, to the impartial mind of

\* A History of Greece. By Evelyn Abbott. Vol. II. Part II. From the Ionian Revolt to the Thirty Years' Peace: 500-445 B.C. \$2.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* The One Good Guest. By L. B. Walford. \$1. Longmans, Green & Co.



the reader, it is because the woman is in character the superior of the man—a state of affairs very apt to be the case in a social study by a woman in defence of the higher education of women. The end of the little story sees the man the victim of a social scandal, his wife running away because she has got tired of being left alone; while Miss Brent, on the other hand, becomes satisfied that learning is not the end of existence. Both having come to a humbler point of view, there is every prospect that in due time they will enter into marriage—that state, as Dorothy Brooke says, of 'higher duties.' The book is pertinent, and in spite of a good deal of obstetrical and pathological allusion is really readable. (75 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)

A BOOK THAT opens with a comprehensive sense of human nature that leads a dying nobleman to call his three children to his bedside and to beg his eldest son to do his duty and remember that feudalism under a just lord is the only *ism* for a loyal subject and patriot—to implore his second son to give up smoking—and his third child (his favorite, and a daughter) to believe that love, as all else in life, is vanity—such a book is pretty sure to contain sapient views on life, stated with brevity, that it would be a pity to miss. Such is the case of a little volume in the Unknown Library call 'A Sinner's Comedy,' by John Oliver Hobbes. If the title seems a severe jest and the ending a wanton waste of human life, and the manner of saying things at times far more important than the matter, it is due, we believe, to the object the author had in view—which seems to have been a desire to state certain truths very solemn in themselves in as entertaining a fashion as wit could contrive. He has left it to the temperament of his reader to cast a plummet below the surface or to be satisfied with a rippling current of epigrams. It is altogether a *fin de siècle* story, where true love has just the touch of irony in it that makes it readable to an o'er-wise age. (50 cts. Cassell Publishing Co.)—'BRISTOL BELLS,' by Emma Marshall, is a prettily told romance of the eighteenth century. A dash of the historical is given it in the figure of Thomas Chatterton, who appears here as the despised, ill-treated apprentice to a stern and stupid lawyer of Bristol. But just as we are becoming interested in the boyish poems of the poor lad and his political views and the fate of Rowley the priest, he is whisked off to London, and the hero and heroine pursue the troubled ways of an interrupted courtship unattended by the ghostly personage of poor Chatterton. (75 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

'T'OTHER DEAR CHARMER,' by Helen Mathers, is the case of two inconsequential young beings who were about to fall in love (or, to be exact, the young lady was about to fall on the young man's breast), when they were divided by a long black hair reposing comfortably on the glistening background of the young man's flannels. If the hair had performed one of those miracles of nature, and turned into a snake, the young lady could not have been more disconcerted; for she was a blonde. Holding that there wasn't room for two kinds of hair on the flannel jacket, she inconspicuously fled, leaving the black one in possession. It was a hair's-breadth escape. The young man was as surprised as she at discovering the black hair, only he wouldn't confess it; and then he knew that it was 't'other dear charmer's.' So after that he sought consolation with the other dear (who was French), and got mixed up with some broken English and some broken domestic relations, a case of double consciousness and an irate single French gentleman who thought he was married. After which the young man, having successfully cleared his coat of the compromising black hair, the blonde young lady comes back to the now unoccupied shoulder, and the book ends with this remarkable piece of English:—'He was taking a sacred vow unto himself that this girl, with her pure and lofty ideals (the very sort that when once put wrong is so much more likely to come a cropper in life than she who has never aspired to anything, and therefore can never fall), should not be disillusioned by him, but that he would love her, cling to her, make her happy with all his poor strength to his life's end.' (30 cts. Lovell, Coryell & Co.)

'OUT OF THE FASHION,' by Mrs. L. T. Meade, is a girls' book. Four exclamatory, emotional, feather-brained young women under the immediate stimulus and financial aid of an eccentric old gentleman set up a polite boarding-house for 'lady-girls' who come up to London to work. One sister is to do all the catering, one is to keep the accounts, another to oversee the servants, and the fourth to 'do the ornamental,' such as entertaining the guests and water the flowers; but all the glory is to be the old spinster's. Nothing tragical happens. By receiving only 'lady-girls,' the establishment is secure from 'scenes,' and in the end one of the sisters marries a youth of good family but rather insecure affections. They have their ups and downs and take life from the emotional

point of view, very much as girls are apt to do out of a polite boarding-house; and altogether it resembles very much those 'play housekeeping' homes when children say 'Let's pretend.' (\$1. Cassell Publishing Co.)—'A MILLIONAIRE at Sixteen,' by Oliver Optic, is the second volume of the All-over-the-World Series; and continues the adventures of Louis Belgrave, under the staggering necessity of spending an income of seventy thousand pounds a year. By the depleting aid of the expense of maintaining a sumptuous steam-yacht, called 'The Guardian-Mother,' he manages to keep his income within bounds. In a somewhat elaborate preface apropos of boy-millionaires and steam-yachts, in which he justifies his creation of so favored a hero, Mr. Adams shows that the same doubt as to the suitability of such extravagant and impossible stories for the discriminating youth of the period has crossed his mind as has entered that of the reviewer. Nevertheless, he announces his determination to continue to write such tales under the belief that they do no harm, provided the hero is a 'moral young man.' The question, however, is not so much whether these sensational tales do possible harm, as whether to the intelligent boy of the day, brought up on such wholesome stories as 'Treasure Island' and 'Kidnapped,' they will prove interesting. (\$1.25. Lee & Shepard.)

'MAVERICKS,' 'short stories rounded up by Puck's authors and illustrated by Puck's artists,' is one of the entertaining little volumes periodically culled from the pages of the most influential of our humorous periodicals. To readers of Puck, no more is necessary than to announce that the book contains 'The Recording Spook,' by H. C. Bunner; 'A Modern Hans Sachs,' by W. J. Henderson; 'The Wight that Quailed,' by Kate W. Rider; 'A Brilliant Idea,' by Flavel Scott Mines, and many other absurd and bizarre extravaganzas. Many of the tales from Puck published in this and the other volumes of the series contain some of the best illustrations of light American humor. (Keppler & Schwarzmann.)—'MASTER BARTLEMY,' by Frances E. Crompton, is the tale of a little maid who was original, dainty, and quaint. She lived with her papa, her aunt and the servants. On her father's estate there was an old house, originally given to the poor by an old man whose tomb in the village church bore the name of Master Bartlemy. He gave till he had nothing left for himself but his Thankful Heart. This was the name of the house that he had endowed for the poor of the parish. The endowment gave out, and Miss Nancy, the little heroine of the book, used to go and sit on the deserted steps of the place. Once, when she was so ill that they thought she would die, her father prayed to have her live, and promised to restore the endowment. She recovered, and Thankful Heart was again occupied by the poor. This is a kind of child's story very much affected of late by the publishers of the present volume. (75 cts. E. P. Dutton.)

'PRATT PORTRAITS,' sketched in a New England suburb by Anna Fuller, are faithful accurate pictures of a family that not only lived in a village, but shared the virtues and prejudices of the village folk. Any one who knows the type of mind and character that flourishes in New England suburban villages will recognize the photographic verisimilitude of Miss Fuller's work. The whole Pratt family, as individuals and as a community, are given to us in a series of sketches depicting their daily life and the salient events in their history, and so well and so soberly is this done that we wonder they do not make more impression upon us. Yet Anson and his wife Emmeline, the moment they have adjusted their domestic difficulty, depart from our minds; Harriett—stiff, authoritative and successful—does not impress us with her importance; and even the poor quack doctor, who went back to his spectacle trade after he lost his first case, touches us only while we turn the page of his poor little romance. We do not say this as a criticism against the author's work, only that it is a quality inherent in it which may arise from the faithfulness of her sketching rather than from a lack of imagination or delicacy of mental vision in herself. Her writing makes no revelation of the author's temperament, and her subjects lack tenderness. If Miss Fuller has consciously sacrificed these to what she considered truth in tone, let us remind her that all truths are relative to truth, and that in art idealism is one of the first. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—'A BOOK OF STORIES for children called 'The Ghost at Our School' is by Marion J. Brunow, author of 'Seven of Us.' Most of the tales tell of convent life, its trials and its innocent disobedience against the nuns, and will be of more interest to girls than to boys. The book is issued in the Premium Library. (H. L. Kilney.)

'STOLEN STEPS,' by S. L. Pierce, is a romantic tale of love, drink, kidnapping, money-getting, and a family reunion in the Northwest. A man while under the influence of liquor steals his

daughter from her mother and carries her off to a distant town where she is brought up as the child of some one else. She grows into a blooming product of that hardy climate. Her language is plain and to the point, and her sentiments would make her the queen of a camp of cowboys. The robust nature of her views will perhaps be interesting to an effete civilization in the East, whose writers are never allowed any such wild Western outspokenness as this. The heroine is writing to her father about his partner, who is off on his vacation:—'Mrs. Wilmot is a lovely woman. Her lips seem to be in a perpetual pout for a kiss, and the way Hardwick looks at her and acts convinces me that he will never give up until he can get a kiss of his own right there where it will do the most good.' We should like to suggest to the author that this kind of writing, admirable in its directness, is nevertheless a little rank for Eastern consumption. The book suffers from a ridiculously inflated style employed in the expression of cheap sentiment. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'ONOQUA' is a story of the wrongs and trials of Indian life upon a Western reservation, told with close observation, sympathy and justice, by Frances C. Sparhawk. It is many years since H. H. wrote her stirring novel of Indian life, 'Ramona,' that seemed as if it must be followed by some practical wake of reform; yet the years go by with much the same state of affairs on the reservations, and only a story now and then, or the isolated effort of some individual, to arouse the public's interest in a subject that is of pressing concern. The interest of 'Onoqua' would have been very much augmented as a story and a study of Indian life if the narrative had been a little more coherent and connected. The story has previously appeared in serial form in *The Congregationalist*. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

#### Theological and Religious Literature

FRANCIS WILLIAM UPHAM, LL.D., a layman who has written several interesting books in the domain of Biblical history, particularly one on 'The Wise Men,' sends out another bearing the title 'Saint Matthew's Witness to the Words and Works of the Lord; or, Our Saviour's Life as Revealed in the Gospel of His Earliest Evangelist.' It will be perceived that Mr. Upham postulates for Matthew priority, and on page 299 he gives a most extraordinary reason for so doing. After saying that it is one of the two leading ideas of Matthew's Gospel that in Christ 'was fulfilled all that the Hebrew religion promised, all its rites and ceremonies typified,' he goes on to say 'That the presentation of this truth and fact would be characteristic of the earliest Gospel is to be looked for. The official apostolic witness to the Messiah could have opened in no other way.' And in a footnote he adds:—'I do not see how any one can be a Christian at heart and hold that Saint Mark's Gospel is earlier than Saint Matthew's.' Mr. Upham writes soberly, smoothly and reverently. He goes through the Gospel in homiletical style, mingling exegesis with edification. He has a chapter on 'The Word of Our Lord on Marriage,' which is good, although he does not make as much out of his theme as he might. He calls attention to the fact that the exaltation of the single religious state as holier and more useful than marriage is an injustice to that very large class of women who are forced to celibacy—the unmarried sisterhood,' as he calls them. The truth is that each state in life has its blessings and curses, and while it is no great credit to be a holy celibate, it is a great disgrace to be an unholy one. (\$1.20. Hunt & Eaton.)

THE REV. GEORGE W. KING has written a sober book on the appalling theme of 'Future Retribution,' bringing evidence from the Gospels to show that Christ taught the 'orthodox' doctrine. There are only two ways of escape. One is the bold one of Theodore Parker, who said:—'I believe Jesus Christ taught eternal future punishment. I do not accept it on His authority.' The other is to say that to this dark subject the future will bring the light needed to explain why when the Lord was apparently explicit on this point such disciples as John and Paul were so vague. We commend Mr. King's volume. He refuses to dogmatize, and writes always clearly and concisely. He treats all branches of the subject. In regard to the number of the lost, he disbelieves that it will be the majority, and to the punishment itself he denies all grossness. To be hopelessly without God will be sad enough. Mr. King uses the Revised Version throughout, without unnecessary apology or explanation. His book has no index. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)—PROF. J. S. KEDNEY, having harmonized Christian doctrine, sends out a little volume of lectures on problems in theology and Christian ethics, under the caption, 'Mens Christi.' The first is on the Kenosis—a matter which must ever remain in the field of speculation. He makes the good point that while Christ's 'knowledge was human, and gained through the same media as ours is, it was more than simply human, was ideally

human, and thus, in a sense, superhuman' (p. 11). On inspiration he utters some refreshingly sensible and reverent truths. Thus, he says:—'The difference between the Synoptical Gospels and that of John did not depend simply and only upon difference of experience and culture, but as well upon the influence of the Holy Spirit for different purposes' (p. 31). Space forbids even allusion to the remaining lectures. There is no index. (\$1. S. C. Griggs & Co.)

ANY MAN who prints 'B.D., D.D.' after his name gives himself a character at once. We are prepared to find such preposterous things scattered through the volume of 'Saengerfest Sermons,' by James Boyd Brady, pastor of the Franklin Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark, N. J., as this 'NOTE.—Such were the criticism, clamor and demands for immediate apology for the preceding discourse, that the preacher delivered the following on the next Sabbath morning' (p. 201); and to read such equally preposterous interpolations as 'Amen like a sea' (p. 36), 'cries, "God have mercy"' (p. 122). Mr. Brady defends such conduct in his preface, wherein he informs us that the occasion of these sermons was the desecration of the Lord's Day by the 'Great German Saengerfest,' held in Newark last July. The music played on Sunday was secular, and the day was spent in any way but religiously. (Newark: *Advertiser* Printing-house.)—'A MODERN LAWYER' (so the title-page reads) has cross-examined the Christian Church in a volume entitled 'Christ versus Christianity.' And with what result? Christ stands, but Christianity misrepresents him. The author, however, is himself open to the charge of misrepresentation. He is too plainly a layman in theological matters. His book belongs to that large class which has no real value. And yet we forgive him for the sake of his chapter on Christ. We should be very far from endorsing many of his expressions, but rejoice that so much of truth has entered his mind. (\$1.50. American Elzevir Co.)

THE GUILILESS person who should purchase the 'Horæ Sabbaticæ' of Sir James Stephen under the impression that he had procured a series of strictly religious essays would be much disappointed. The title is a sort of solemn joke, for these Sabbath Hours are essays which appeared in *The Saturday Review*—hence their name. But the title is the brightest thing about the two volumes. They are the result of much reading of Montaigne, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Hobbes, Bossuet, Locke, Bishop Butler and other famous authors of the past. They gave Sir James much pleasant occupation, and those who know him have doubtless praised him for them, and he will not mind, if he should ever see, our disparaging criticism. They are dull—very dull—and fitted to produce most restful Sunday naps. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)—THE LATE CHANCELLOR of St. Paul's, London, the famous preacher, H. P. Liddon, must have left many sermons behind him. Twenty-three of them on Gospel themes have been gathered into a volume, entitled 'Sermons on Some Words of Christ.' It was a happy idea to bring out such a book. As for the discourses themselves, they are interesting as specimens of Liddon's average preaching, when he had, to some extent, to cast about for a theme, as no great festival or special season controlled his choice. They do not represent him at his best, but then his average was so far above the average preacher's best that they are well worth reading. (\$2. Longmans, Green & Co.)

THE FACT THAT the 'Protestant Episcopal Layman's Handbook,' containing an explanation of the innovations of the last half-century, together with a short account of the 'English Inquisition of the seventeenth century,' has passed into its second edition must be very encouraging to the anonymous author. It is the composition of an ex-churchwarden, who speaks his mind about many things with considerable frankness. This will render the book very unpalatable in households of the Roman Catholic Church, but none the less welcome in Protestant circles. Thus he condemns bowing in the creed and wearing a surplice during preaching, calls belief in the Apostolical succession 'an old superstition,' and indeed tramples throughout on some of the dearest tenets and practices of the churchman. The matter is alphabetically arranged, and beautifully printed. (\$1.25. Baker & Taylor Co.)—'THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE,' of which thirty volumes have appeared in the last five years, has so thoroughly established its reputation as a Scriptural commentary at once scholarly and popular that the new volume, 'The Epistles to the Thessalonians,' by the Rev. James Denney, needs no extended commendation. To say that it maintains the high character of the series is sufficient praise. The typographical execution is faultless. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)



## Boston Letter

AMONG THE BOOKS which Lee & Shepard expect to publish is a third volume of the speeches of Wendell Phillips. The first was collected in 1863 by Mr. Phillips himself, and the publication was practically under his auspices. He promised then to prepare another volume, but the years slipped by without his carrying out his intention, and when death came, although a few of the earlier lectures had been prepared, the bulk of the work remained yet to be accomplished. This work was carried out by Theodore C. Pease, and very few readers probably have any idea of the amount of labor it involved. It was not Mr. Phillips's custom to write out his speeches, and it was his practice to make many changes in a speech when delivered at different times and different places. There was nothing to do after his death but to hunt up old newspaper files for the reports of his addresses; but here again ensued a difficulty, for often the exigencies of space had compelled the reporter to cut down his copy, so that only an abstract or selected portions of the speech would be printed. But Mr. J. M. W. Yerrington, the well-known Court reporter of to-day and a friend of Mr. Phillips, had in his note-book the hieroglyphics of his shorthand reports, and from these the editor obtained great assistance. It is probable that Mrs. Phillips destroyed many manuscripts after the death of her husband, for among other documents known to have been in her possession was a very handsomely written report of a lecture on 'The Lost Arts,' with illuminated initial letters prepared for Mr. Phillips by Mr. Yerrington, and of this no trace could be found after her death. It is also known that Mr. Phillips had written out some of the reminiscences of his life, but that manuscript has disappeared. There is a notable lecture, that of Sir Henry Vane, for which the publishers have searched everywhere in vain, and for which they are now hunting.

In the second volume of the published books is a lecture on Daniel O'Connell, regarding which Mr. Lee told me an interesting anecdote the other day. It seems that the first printed pamphlet copy of this oration, when it came under the eye of Mr. Pease, puzzled him greatly, for he knew that the lecture, as he heard it, was much longer, and had many interesting anecdotes in it. The pamphlet had been made up from the newspaper reports. After a time, Mr. Yerrington succeeded in finding his copy, and then Mr. Pease found he was right. One of those long missing anecdotes refers to Mr. O'Connell's overthrow of the testimony of a witness who swore that he found by a murdered man's body the hat of Mr. O'Connell's client. Taking up the hat in court, Mr. O'Connell, looking inside, spelled out the name J-a-m-e-s. 'Did you see this name in the hat?' he inquired of the witness. 'Faith I did, when I picked it up,' replied that worthy. Instantly Mr. O'Connell turned to the judge. 'Your honor,' he said, 'there is no name in the hat.' Another of the anecdotes omitted in the early printed version of the lecture told how Mr. O'Connell turned the tables on the London *Times*. The *Times* had declared that it would never allow the Irish agitator's name to go into its columns, and therefore when he arose to speak in the House of Commons the *Times* reporters threw down their pencils, folded their arms, and leaned back at ease. But at once up rose a friend of the orator, and called the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there were strangers in the Gallery. Instantly the rule of the House prevailed, and out the reporters were hustled. Consequently the *Times* had no report of Parliament the next day. A little later, 'Bull Run' Russell called on Mr. O'Connell, and, eating humble pie, said the *Times* would like to report his speech at a certain meeting. With great cordiality Mr. O'Connell agreed to allow the report, invited Mr. Russell to ride with him in his carriage to his place of speaking, had a convenient place allotted to him there, and table and ink brought for his convenience—and then proceeded to deliver an eloquent oration in Irish!

There is a mistaken idea that this second volume of Mr. Phillips's orations is simply a revision of the first. As I said at the beginning, it is a separate volume, and the third, which is to follow, is also to differ, the editor having reserved all the anti-slavery orations for that volume.

The speech on the murder of Lovejoy was reported by B. F. Hallett, the father of the present Commissioner. Hallett of Boston, and in referring to that fact Mr. Lee told me another story. Sometime just before the close of the War Judge Hallett the elder while talking with Mr. Lee declared that had it not been for his wife's illness War would have been postponed. He explained in these words:—'I had been Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions at the Democratic Conventions and would have been Chairman at the Convention which preceded the outbreak of the War. Just before that time Mr. Jefferson Davis called on me in Boston and as he walked with me up and down the Common I asked him why he had allowed his name to be used as the leader of the fire-

eaters. He replied that he had done so because he had wished to guide them; he wished to keep them from seceding and lead them, if possible, into a less reckless path. Then the coming Convention was talked over. It was expected, that, as in the past, the Committee on Resolutions would discuss the planks in their own private room and that the powder which would necessarily explode there would have had its flash and died away by the time the report was finished and ready for the Convention. But my absence prevented the carrying out of this plan and under another Chairman the whole matter of resolutions was brought into the open Convention. The sparks that at once began to fly kindled the flame which spread over the whole mass and could not be quenched; and the beginning of the end came on.'

A few weeks ago I mentioned the sale of 50,000 of Mrs. Parloa's Cook Books in one lot, and inquired if any other book had ever been sold in so large a quantity to one buyer. Mr. George T. Angell, the well-known President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, saw the item copied into another paper and enclosing it to me writes: 'I have had the pleasure of selling in one lot 100,000 copies of "Black Beauty" and in another lot 50,000 copies.' Mr. Angell, by the way, has had his society offer several prizes for the best dialogue embodying the teaching of 'Black Beauty,' the dialogue being intended for use in schools.

The recent sale of the earliest printed copy of Poe's 'Tamerlane' is well remembered, and it will also be recalled that at the time of the sale no one seemed to know anything about the printer, Calvin Thomas of Boston. Mr. C. F. Libbie—the auctioneer—has, however, recently received a letter from A. H. Colt of St. Louis in which the writer says:—'I knew Calvin F. S. Thomas, the printer. He came to Buffalo in about 1836. He was a great musical man, and was a publisher; and in the stationery and paper business. During the War—1861 to 1865—he had Government contracts for wrapping twine.'

There is a Boston gentleman who claims to have discovered a new art which he terms translucent sculpture. Frederick A. Shaw is the discoverer, and at his studio he has a panel of Christ walking on the water which illustrates his idea. The panel is cut into the marble and the refraction of light through the marble seems to extend the perspective effect in a wonderful manner. He is to exhibit this and other specimens upon which he is at work at the World's Fair in Chicago, and expects also to send something to the Paris Salon.

BOSTON, July 12, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## London Letter

THE IMPENDING dissolution of Parliament naturally fills the minds and affects the circumstances of all sorts and conditions of Londoners at the present moment. The thrill of uncertainty which pervades the atmosphere, when no one is exactly sure of what will take place in the immediate future—of where he or she may be within the next week or two—of where other people actually are, and what they are about—for nothing is going on steadily, and entertaining of all kinds is fraught with deadly risk,—makes the prudent hesitate about undertaking anything, or embarking on any kind of enjoyment. As for the unfortunate tradespeople, 'Never was there such a London season!' is their hapless wall. It only needed the break-up of Parliament to complete it as a disastrous failure from first to last, from the point of view of the West End shopkeeper.

Apparently, however, some businesses flourish. At Sotheby's, for instance, a great book sale has just been brought to a triumphant conclusion, and better prices were realized in every way than had been at all anticipated. The fine library belonging to the late Mr. Dew of Salisbury contained many volumes of rare interest, among which were some genuine first editions. A copy of Burns's poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, issued at Kilmarnock in 1786 (first edition), went for 120*l.* and Cowper's 'The Task' (first edition) for 20*l.* 10*s.* Three original drawings by G. Cruikshank, illustrating scenes from 'Oliver Twist,' fetched the high sum of 115*l.* John Forster's 'Life of Dickens' (first edition), with selected autograph letters inserted, brought 34*l.* 10*s.*; Lamb's 'Mrs. Leicester's School' (first edition), 27*l.* 10*s.*; Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' 'Amelia' and 'Joseph Andrews' (first editions), 40*l.* 10*s.*; an uncut set of George Eliot's works (first edition), 36*l.*; and Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' issued in 1766, 96*l.* There were also some good prices given for other volumes of varied interest, and the library altogether realized two thousand seven hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Another treat of the same kind is in store for collectors. This is the Magniac—better known as the Colworth—collection of portraits, which comprises no fewer than one thousand five hundred and fifty-four lots! These are to be offered at Christie's on Satur-

day next, the 2d of July, and will doubtless bring together a large number of people—especially, it may just be hinted, as Saturday is the second day of the Oxford and Cambridge Match at 'Lord's'; and the same sort of folks—the clerical dignitary, and scholarly squire—who patronize Christie's, are to be found at 'Lord's' on a match day. A number of miniatures in oil, will be among the special attractions of this sale.

The British Museum has had a pleasant little surprise, in the shape of Lady Charlotte Schrieber's gift of her almost unique collection of fans. Some of these fans and fan leaves illustrate political and social events of the last century, and are in consequence deeply interesting, as well as valuable from an artistic point of view. There is, for example, a fan leaf commemorating the forthcoming marriage of Frederick, Duke of York, which took place on the 29th of September, 1791. In the centre is a bust of the Duke, crowned by Fame: on one side is Britannia; on the other a kneeling figure with the Horn of Plenty; while in the foreground is an altar bearing a flaming heart, and inscribed after the fantastic fashion of the period, 'the Heart of the Nation.' The whole is, we learn, an adaptation of a fan designed and executed by Chodowiecki in 1787, in honor of the accession of William Frederick to the throne of Prussia. Lady Charlotte Schrieber has been many years in amassing the collection now presented to the Trustees of the Museum, and has grudged neither trouble nor expense in availing herself of every source whence it could be enriched.

What can be said about those terrible *tableaux* at the Lyric Club on Monday? What can be thought of an audience who—we are assured—received them when presented at the Théâtre d'Application in Paris, with enthusiasm? The *tableaux* were illustrative of twelve poems by M. Armand Silvestre, the person to whom fell the task of reciting was Madame Sarah Bernhardt; what had we left to desire? So at least thought the providers of the entertainment; but 'the best laid schemes o' mice and men, gang aft agley,' and, as a matter of fact, we, the perplexed and much-enduring audience, scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry as scene after scene was unfolded, only to afford us food for fresh spasms of inward mirth which had to be sternly repressed from outward view. Had the subjects not been for the most part Scriptural, matters had not been so serious; but as it was, I was reminded at every turn of a grotesque show to which I had been taken in my childhood, when a magic-lantern had been provided by a well-meaning philanthropist with a whole set of Biblical plates for the special edification of a Sunday-school, whose treat it was. The school children, to their credit be it spoken, took it all in good faith, and applauded *con amore*, but I doubt if even they who found no fault in an elegant King Darius peering through his eyeglass down into the den of lions wherein reclined Daniel at his ease would have stood the vision of Eve, in her long grassy costume, picking an apple from a tree laden with cherry blossoms, which was the crowning scene on the Lyric Club stage! Moreover, our sensibilities were still further tried by our being taken into involuntary confidence before the curtain drew up for this tableau. It drew up—and the tableau was not ready! A gentleman, not Adam, nor of Adam's period, but in the frock coat of to-day, was busy hanging on the apple! It was too much. Madame Bernhardt struggled nobly, and her sweet voice never sounded sweeter than when it rose above the cruel scuffle of accompaniments and could be heard—but even Madame Bernhardt could not save the situation. I am told the Club is smarting with a sense of mingled ire and mortification; vexed with their own failure, and indignant with the public for having found it out.

Very few new books are about, but Mr. J. C. Wills's little volume, 'In and About Bohemia,' just issued by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., has probably chosen the right moment to appear. A brisk, chatty, entertaining style goes a great way towards amusing the reader of such light pages, and though there is nothing very much in any of the stories now before us, they will do just what they are meant to do—catch the eye of the tourist or the traveller, and help to while away the tedious hours he must perforce pass in the train or steamboat.

I can also recommend Mairten Mairten's 'A Question of Taste' and Roma's 'Punchinello's Romance' as two clever, bright, and absolutely innocuous novelettes, which may be put into the hands of young people without fear, and yet which will amuse older ones. The latter tale has an unfortunate title—but do not let my readers be deterred from getting it on that account. 'Punchinello' is merely the somewhat bitter *sobriquet* which a poor cripple has given to himself. It sounds like the name of an Italian organgrinder, but the real 'Punchinello' is a mill-owner in one of our northern English counties, and the scenes are mostly laid among mill-hands and their masters, with whose lives the writer shows familiarity in every detail.

Among reproductions, let me name the new additions to the Muses' Library, in the shape of Andrew Marvell's 'Poems and Satires,' which come to me from Messrs. Lawrence & Baker. The first-named collection—that of the 'Poems'—is indeed worthy of being seen once more upon the library table of every lover of dainty literature, and to say that it may best be found there apart from its companion volume of the 'Satires,' is only to emphasize what has long been recognized by Marvell's admirers. The 'Satires' distinctly belong to an epoch in Marvell's life, and it was not to the advantage of his reputation as a poet that he turned politician.

The first edition (five thousand) of the 'Naulahka' has been sold off at the start—but that was to be expected. I cannot honestly say that, except in a certain set, it has made any mark so far, over here. By making a mark, I mean something above and beyond having what the publisher's call 'selling power.' 'David Grieve' had great 'selling power,' but the name never got into the air, somehow. It is this subtle achievement which so many clever books just miss.

L. B. WALFORD.

### The Rowfant Books

[Andrew Lang, on Mr. Locker-Lampson's Library.]

BALLADE EN GUISE DE RONDEAU

THE Rowfant books, how fair they show,

The quarto quaint, the Aldine tall,

Print, autograph, portfolio!

Back from the outer air they call

The athletes from the tennis ball,

The angler from his rod and books—

Would I could sing them one and all—

The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! In sun and snow

They're dear, but most when tempests fall;

The folio towers above the row,

As once, o'er minor prophets—Saul!

What jolly jest books, and what small,

'Dear, dumpy twelves,' to fill the nooks—

You do not find on every stall

The Rowfant books!

The Rowfant books! These long ago

Were chained within some college hall!

These manuscripts retain the glow

Of many a colored capital;

While yet the Satires keep their gall,

While the Patisserie puzzles cooks,

Theirs is a joy that does not pall—

The Rowfant books!

### ENVOY

The Rowfant books! Ah, magical

As famed Armida's golden looks,

They hold the rhymes for their thrall—

The Rowfant books.

### The Lounger

JOHN BURROUGHS is one of those fortunate persons who can lie idle in the summer. Last month he was fishing and hunting in and around the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine. While he never puts pen to paper in the summer, he can hardly be called idle at this season, for he is collecting material for his winter's work. He hunts and fishes and tramps through the woods, and then, when the cool days come, he sits down at his desk and writes an account of all that he has seen and heard during his last vacation. Nothing escapes him. Mr. Burroughs's son and a lad whom I know have been off fishing and hunting with him. I wonder if they appreciated their privilege. Being intelligent young fellows, I suppose they did. It must be rare sport to be alone with Nature and John Burroughs.

ANYTHING THAT throws new light upon the dark life of the Brontës is bound to be interesting. There has been little written about them apart from Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte that was worth while, or at least that presented any important new material. Mrs. Walford's pleasing paper in *Far and Near*, for instance, makes no such pretense. Now, however, it is said that the Rev. Dr. Wright has prepared a book on 'The Brontës in Ireland,' which contains much new and interesting matter. *The Bookman* says that he 'has struck a vein of treasure quite unknown to Mrs. Gaskell, and even to the most intimate friends of the Brontës.' 'As is well-known, Mr. Brontë was a na-



tive of Ireland. (The story of Mr. Birrell, repeated by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography," that his real name was Prunty, has no foundation.) It is also well-known that he left relatives there. What is not known is that the Brontës kept up constant and affectionate communications with their Irish relatives, and that the latter took the warmest interest and pride in Charlotte Brontë's literary success.

Dr. WRIGHT, the writer goes on to say, has secured the copies of the novels sent over to Ireland by Mr. Brontë—one of which, 'Jane Eyre,' has a long inscription by himself, of the deepest interest.

Very graphic is his account of the reception of the *Quarterly Review* article in which the authoress of 'Jane Eyre' is described as a 'person who for some sufficient reason has long forfeited the society of her sex.' It was decided that such an affront could only be wiped out in blood, and an uncle of Miss Brontë's set out for Haworth and London in order to carry out this decree. His adventures make a stirring chapter.

Dr. Wright thinks that the story of 'Wuthering Heights' was derived from remote family traditions, and was not founded on the life of Emily's brother, the wayward Branwell, which seems to me a very sensible conclusion. There will be people to deny his argument, however; for it is a human weakness to believe that an author drains his heart's blood into his books.

AN ENGLISH FRIEND, in a private letter on various topics, personal and literary, gives me the following account of a garden-party at Mrs. L. B. Walford's country home, near London (Cranbrook Hall, Ilford, Essex) on Saturday, June 25:—"It was really quite a brilliant assemblage of statesmen and scientists, authors and artists; and though the day was rather dull, we all looked our best and gayest to make up for the lack of sunshine without. Among the authoresses were Miss Jean Ingelow, with her kind, pleasant face lit up by smiles, who went about saying to everyone how much she was enjoying herself; "Edna Lyall," looking so young and girlish in her simple frock and hat of the most unremarkable kind; "Tasma" (Mme. Couvreur), the Australian, of whom everyone was inquiring "Who is she?", so unusual was the beauty of her olive complexion and melting eyes; Mrs. Parr, as young and "skittish" as when she first made her mark with "Dorothy Fox," five-and-twenty years ago; Miss May Crommelin, who brought an autograph fan to be enriched on so auspicious an occasion; Mrs. Henry Reeves ("Helen Mathers"), certainly would never have come "Through the Rye" in the gorgeous white brocade she had donned for this affair; Mrs. Molesworth, followed by a train of young daughters, showing how she knows so well what books children love; Miss Agnes Giberne, who had travelled like one of her own comets, to meet her sister authoresses; Mrs. "L. T. Meade," pleased to announce that though *Atalanta* changes hands, the editor is still to be the same—and I really forget who besides. In all there were about 150 of us, though there is a rush out of town just now for the impending elections. Those who did come, however, were immensely pleased with the American Mrs. Richards's charming recitations, which she gave in her best and brightest style, being incited thereto by a singularly responsive audience. "The Elf Child," by Whitcomb Riley, was particularly liked, and it was remarked of all that Mrs. Richards gave it in a refined and delicate manner which made even the peculiar intonation and phraseology pleasant to the ear."

THE CHICAGO *News* wants to know 'what constitutes an edition.' It is as hard a question to answer as 'What is the weight of a horse?' It all depends. A first edition may consist of 10,000 copies or of 150. In France it is supposed to consist of 1000. First editions of Zola, when he wrote 'L'Assomoir,' says the *News*, numbered 1000 copies, while now they number 10,000. This may have been true a month or two ago; but if by first 'edition' first 'printing' be intended, it is no longer so; for it is positively stated that 66,000 copies of 'La Débâcle' were sold on the day the book came out, and an order for 20,000 more sent straightway to the printer. It is worthy of note, by the way, that the English edition of this book is identical with the American, Messrs. Cassell & Co. of London having purchased the American-made plates of Mr. E. P. Robins's translation.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN has no sense of humor, or he would not willingly be the cause of driving Oscar Wilde from England. Oscar is the most amusing personality before the British public. Who but he could have poured such stuff into the ears of an interviewer as that which *The Pall Mall Budget* prints:—"Every rehearsal has been a source of intense pleasure to me. To hear my own words spoken by the most beautiful voice in the world

has been the greatest artistic joy that it is possible to experience. So that, you see, as far as I am concerned, I care very little about the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to allow my play to be produced." And this, when asked how he came to write the play:—

My idea of writing the play was simply this:—I have one instrument that I know I can command, and that is the English language. There was another instrument to which I had listened all my life, and I wanted once to touch this new instrument to see whether I could make any beautiful thing out of it. The play was written in Paris some six months ago, where I read it to some young poets, who admired it immensely. Of course there are modes of expression that a French man-of-letters would not have used, but they give a certain relief or color to the play.

As a play 'Salome' is prohibited, but Mr. Wilde is going to print it; so the advertising it has had will not be thrown away, after all.

IT IS A GREAT RELIEF to my mind that the *New York Times* has finally settled upon a fixed headline for its column of jocose clippings from its exchanges. Up to within a short time, the heading of this column was changed every day. It was a matter of pride in the office that this should be done, and done it was. I often wondered why the editor of this column did not die of brain-exhaustion, but now my mind is at rest—and his too, I fancy. 'Nuggets' is the name which the column now bears from day to day. A very good name it is, too—though it is not to be found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary of 1863, which happens to be the one nearest to me at this moment. (I am writing in the country, and not at my city desk which in the matter of dictionaries is quite 'up to date.')

### "Concerning all of Us"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

My attention has been called to a notice of a little book of mine, in a recent issue of *The Critic*; and I wish to thank you for doing what few critics do, in pointing out some misprints which had escaped my vigilance. It has been a desire of my life to issue a book which should be wholly free from typographical errors, but I shall probably die without accomplishing it. Nor is it much of a consolation to know that my old friend, the late Professor Longfellow, after having the proofs of his 'Dante' read by at least three different persons, finally received the published book with delight at the breakfast table, and at once opened upon a very serious misprint.

Having thus thanked you for your kindness, permit me in return to express a like surprise at your failing to penetrate the very obvious typographical error in the French passage quoted by me, from M. de Girardin; at your attributing to me so very formidable a blunder as that of writing *à les noms* for *aux noms*; and at your explaining the passage as 'some imperfectly remembered French.' As a matter of fact, the quotation was given from print, not from memory; the phrase as copied was *à des noms*, which is unexceptionable, and the compositor simply mistook my badly written *for a d*. For the offense of overlooking this blunder in the proof-sheet I alone am responsible.

DUBLIN, N. H., July 11, 1892,

T. W. HIGGINSON,

[Col. Higginson obviously meant to say that the compositor mistook his badly written *d* for an *l*.—EDS. CRITIC.]

### "The Lilliputian Theory of Woman"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

After you had stood by me in the stress of the storm, only fancy my feelings on reading the following paragraph in *The Critic's* review of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson's new book, 'Concerning All of Us':—"Miss Seawell's outburst against her own sex is appropriately exoriated in 'The Lilliputian Theory of Woman.'" \* \* \* This little essay points out the omission of certain celebrated women from Miss Seawell's list as destructive of her argument; while Eli Whitney's invention is really found to be the work of a Southern woman.

Now, this is really too bad. In the first place, my essay was not an outburst against my own sex. It was a calm and simple statement of a few facts that nobody has yet disproved, although a great deal of ink was spilled before the fray was over. My theory was, and is, that in the nobler part of human nature—the emotions and the affections—women are superior to men. In the inferior part of human nature—the mere intellect—men are superior to women. I think the first proposition has been generally admitted—and this admission carries with it the second part,—because it would be highly unreasonable, and opposed to facts,

to claim for women complete and universal superiority to men. My theory at least provides for an even balance between men and women; and can this be called an outburst against women?

As I humbly desire knowledge, it would be the greatest favor to be informed of the omission of certain celebrated women from my list which will be destructive of my argument. I imagine that the remainder of the nine lost books of Sappho must have been found, fully authenticated, instead of the meagre forty lines we possess of the Greek lady—and they are by no means cock-surely hers. Or have the romances of Mlle. Scudéry been rushed through an edition of fifty thousand copies, and sold like 'extras' on election day? Perhaps a gallery of great paintings that are worthy to stand by those of Michael Angelo and Rafael has been exhumed—or a mass of superb musical compositions, about a hundred years old, that rank with Beethoven's. At all events, there must have been a gigantic find of great productions by women that have lasted through the ages, to be destructive of my argument, which was simply this: No woman has ever done immortal work, since the immortal work can't be produced in evidence. And, reasoning by analogy, it is highly improbable that women ever will produce immortal work, because they have never yet done it. Col. Higginson falls into the common mistake of assuming that women never thought, wrought, or wrote until about 1870. As a matter of fact, they have been thinking, working and writing very actively ever since men began doing the same thing—and under the same relative conditions as men. This mistaken notion that women only began to think yesterday is like the claim of the woman suffragists, that the woman suffrage movement has brought about the reform of the laws regarding women. The entire code of laws among all peoples was barbarous until a few decades ago. The same code that denied property rights to women made killing a hare a capital crime. The truth is, as men became enlightened, they reformed the laws—and those concerning men needed the reform as badly as those referring to women.

Col. Higginson seems to have high respect for the 'Songs Without Words,' which he thinks were chiefly done by Fanny Mendelssohn, instead of Felix. As Sir Anthony Absolute tells Mrs. Malaprop, he is certainly a truly polite and moderate arguer, because almost every third word he says is on my side of the question. The 'Songs Without Words' are of very unequal merit, according to the judgment of the best musicians, and as one great artist calls them, the embodiment of sickly sentimentality. They are so far inferior to Mendelssohn's own, undisputed work, that it is extremely probable Fanny Mendelssohn did write the greater part of them.

And is Col. Higginson prepared to prove that Mrs. Greene, whom Eli Whitney married, really invented the cotton-gin? The subject was fully investigated before a recent monument was erected to Eli Whitney, and it was considered proved that Gen. Greene had made some progress toward the invention of a machine to gin cotton, at the time of his death, and that the whole thing remained in *statu quo* (and Mrs. Greene's barn) until she married Eli Whitney, who brought the process to perfection. Gen. Greene, as a boy, was much about his father's grist mill and anchor-forging, and probably knew something of mechanics.

But, more startlingly still, Col. Higginson says that but one character 'of world-wide acceptance' has been created during the last half-century, and that was in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'! After thus cheerfully disposing of Thackeray and Dickens, to say nothing of a good many other writers, Col. Higginson then produces a great character out of a book that, I humbly submit, is beneath criticism as a literary effort. True, it had a phenomenal popularity—a popularity that no literary merit the earth ever saw could give. Shakespeare's self could not command such popularity. But it was the theme and the crisis that made the book. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' ranks as the greatest among the curiosities of literature. It is the most commonplace of books—and struck that great vein of commonplace in human nature that makes books like E. P. Roe's sell by the hundred thousand copies, while the masters sell by the thousand; and it came at the hour of destiny. It is read as a curiosity now, and it will probably always command that sort of reading. But as a literary work—surely, Col. Higginson is indulging in airy persiflage when he speaks of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as literature; as well speak of 'Dixie' as music. 'Dixie' came at a crisis, it filled a sudden and instantaneous craving, and every musician who touches an instrument can play it. But to hear it once is to know that no master made it: the great multitude of commonplace people made it, just as they made 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' And this one cause of its existence shows it is not music. Beethoven's 'Ninth Symphony' makes itself—it exists independently of the shouts of the populace. And, in spite of Col. Higginson's belief that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' contains an immortal character, and 'Vanity Fair' doesn't, Becky Sharp made herself—being the

product of creative genius. Still most of the half-educated people in the world, perhaps, would find 'Vanity Fair' tough reading and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' very easy reading.

I anxiously await the production of those immortal works by women of past ages, which *must* exist, in order to give Col. Higginson's argument a leg to stand upon.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL,

### Mr. Howells Interviewed

THE *Tribune* recently printed an interesting sketch of Mr. W. D. Howells by T. C. Crawford, based mainly upon a number of interviews in the office of *The Cosmopolitan*. We reproduce the closing paragraphs of the article.

Mr. Howells, in speaking of his own methods of literary work, said:—'I have long ago learned to distrust and utterly to disbelieve in the idea of losing one's self in one's work. Whenever I have given way to the so-called inspiration of the moment and have worked with reckless enthusiasm, I have always found the next day that my work was rubbish and all lost. The writer must not lose himself in his characters or in his story. He must retain his self-possession, his self control, and be constantly in the position of an outsider studying carefully his effects. He must be saying to himself, is this natural? is this right? in order to obtain the proper gauge of the values of his picture. I believe that the greatest effects are produced upon the stage by the artist who never forgets himself. If he imagines himself to be the person whose part he is playing and forgets all else but that, then he has no means of judging of the effects he produces, of how his inspiration is being received; or, in other words, he has lost the control which would enable him to present a correct and artistic picture. I know this view is opposed by a great many enthusiasts, but it is my judgment that the most artistic work is produced by the man who is in the clearest possession of all his faculties and who is the least swayed by his emotions in the pursuit of purely intellectual work. What would be said of a sculptor engaged in the modelling of a figure if he gave way to his emotions, closed his eyes to an outside view of the general proportion of his work, and plunged into a general passion of execution without any regard to the appearance of his work as a whole?'

I asked Mr. Howells if he ever took a real character from life for any of his stories, or did he take various elements, various characteristics of people he knew, to group them into a composite character to represent a type.

He said:—'I never copy the character of any one individual. What is taken represents a type. The study of an actual person would be simply a portrait, and it would have no more life than a portrait. Every character created by an author comes from his own individuality. Within every one lies the potentiality of every character known to literature. The man who has hated knows what it would be to murder. The beginning is there. This may be said of every passion. It is the control which is exercised which determines the character found in the individual. When a type is sought the author finds within himself the materials to give this type life and form. It is the author's knowledge of life and of nature which enables him to make his characters move and to live as they would under natural circumstances. In his work he must constantly study. Is this nature? Is this possible? To subordinate personality, to keep as simple as possible and to avoid everything in the way of affectation or exaggeration should be the constant aim of the literary worker.'

I asked Mr. Howells how he liked New York. He said that, although he had been connected with the New York publishing-houses for several years, the greater portion of that period had been spent in Boston. He had come to New York now for the second time, and had been here now for six months. He said that he found New York very interesting. He gave one picture or one impression of the town which is thoroughly original. He said that the city, to him, is one of the newest of the border towns. Nearly everything not commercial is in the primitive stage. The life of this centre is turning in various directions. Literature is just beginning to develop new forms. Architecture is undergoing a period of revolution. What has been generally accepted by the town for the last century is discarded, and in every direction the movement is toward something new. The problem of city government is being brought to the attention of the people as a new thing. New York, in Mr. Howells's judgment, was a rich and powerful border town, but with a mighty trend in the direction of improvement.

Mr. Howells, in speaking generally of the writers throughout the country, said that he thought that the Western writers possessed the most vigor and originality. He thought that some of



the Western newspapers showed equal ability with the best metropolitan dailies. He was particularly impressed with the literary excellence of some of the Chicago publications. I asked Mr. Howells why it was that not one of our novel-writers had yet been able to write an interesting story of American politics. He said that it must be because the writers were not familiar enough with the field. It was no answer to say that politics was not interesting, that its contests were vulgar, and that its movements would not afford as legitimate subjects for a novel-writer, if correctly portrayed, as any other phase of life. It was a very serious and important part of the life of every country, and consequently afforded strong subjects for literary portrayal. Mr. Howells thought that in time American literature would become more and more individual. In short stories Americans were now wholly different and occupying a high place. It would not do to speak of the Anglo-Saxon as the prevailing element in this country. Our models were not to be found in the English schools. It is a mixed race in the United States, and the Anglo-Saxon element is a very small percentage of the whole. This mingling of the various races of the earth is gradually producing intense individuality, and with the development of the country, the universal spread of education, there was coming a rapid development in the direction of new lines in literature.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Notes

MR. CARROLL BECKWITH is spending the summer as usual at Onteora in the Catskills. This year he has consented to continue his instruction in drawing and painting, and as a result nearly a score of his pupils are spending the summer at Onteora and working every morning in Mr. Beckwith's studio. There is a settlement of artists at Shinnecock, Long Island, again this year; Mr. Robert Reid and Mr. Metcalf have a class at New Hartford, Conn.; and among the many artists who are giving open-air instruction elsewhere are Messrs. Hamilton Hamilton, J. Francis Murphy and Carleton Wiggins.

—M. Proust, French Art Commissioner for the Chicago Exhibition, is quoted as having said:—"After the United States, France will have the largest art display. I shall go over to the ceremonies in October. But I may say that I have now everything so well arranged that our art exhibit promises to be a very great success."

—The amount needed to complete the Washington Memorial Arch having been raised, plans are now being made to have the monument lighted at night.

—The July number of *Sun and Shade*—an artistic periodical, whose pretty cover is spoilt by the inartistic lettering of its title—contains a first-rate three-quarters-length portrait of the late Mr. James R. Osgood, the publisher; a good likeness by Sarony of Mr. E. L. Henry, the painter, with a reproduction of his realistic 'County Fair'; and—to name no other plates—a photograph from Mr. W. M. Chase's pastel portrait, 'Meditation.'

### Notes

MR. R. L. STEVENSON's historical work on Samoa will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons next week. The book is entirely new, with the exception of the chapter describing a shipwreck, which the author allowed his friend, Mr. Henley, to publish in *The National Observer*. 'The latest news from Samoa,' says *The Bookman*, 'is that Mr. Stevenson is "in splendid health." Besides "David Balfour" he has another novel near completion, which is to be called "The Pearl Fisher."'

—A recent 'Study' of Lord Tennyson, by Mr. Henley, has had to be postponed owing to the removal of that gentleman—and his journal, *The National Observer*—from Edinburgh to London. Mr. Henley has taken a house in rural Surrey.

—'An Englishman in Paris,' which D. Appleton & Co. are publishing, gives a series of pictures of life during the reigns of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, with personal reminiscences of the old Latin Quarter, the Revolution of 1848, the *Coup d'Etat*, society, art, and letters during the Third Empire, the Siege of Paris, and the reign of the Commune.

—The innumerable friends and admirers of Mr. George William Curtis have been pained during the past week to hear of his serious illness. He has been ailing since the middle of June, but it was not till just before the Fourth of July that he had to stop his regular work for the Harper periodicals. A consultation was to have been held at Mr. Curtis's home at Livingston, Staten Island, on Wednesday of this week, by Dr. E. G. Janeway of this city, Dr. Walser of Staten Island, and Dr. F. G. Curtis of Boston, the invalid's son.

—Harper & Bros. are bringing out a new volume in the English Men-of-Letters Series—'Carlyle,' by Prof. John Nichol; 'On Canada's Frontier,' by Julian Ralph, illustrated by Frederick Remington; Frank D. Millet's 'The Danube: From the Black Forest to the Black Sea,' illustrated by Alfred Parsons and Mr. Millet; and an illustrated novel, 'That Wild Wheel,' by Frances Eleanor Trollope.

—A selection from the letters of Geraldine Jewsbury, the novelist, to Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, will be published in the fall by Longmans, Green & Co. A monograph on Miss Jewsbury will be printed as an introduction to the letters.

—*The Arena* Co. have in preparation 'Sultan to Sultan: My Adventures among the Masai and other Native Tribes of East Africa,' by Mrs. French-Sheldon; and 'The Rise of the Swiss Republic,' by William D. McCrackan.

—Having served the traditional two years, Mr. Brander Matthews declined a re-election as President of the Nineteenth Century Club, and Mr. Horace E. Deming has been unanimously elected in his place.

—Mr. Laurence Hutton sails to-day with Mrs. Hutton to be abroad a year. He expects to linger in England till the fall, and then to move slowly around the world. Mr. Hutton leaves behind him the corrected proof-sheets of a new volume of essays about books, which will be published in due season by the Harpers.

—At Columbia College, in the Department of Literature, Prof. George E. Woodberry will offer next year a new course on the 'History and Methods of Literary Criticism: Aristotle, Horace, Quintilian, Sidney, Boileau, Lessing, Coleridge'; and Prof. Brander Matthews will accompany it with a course on the 'Development of Prose-Fiction,' in which he will discuss the beginnings of the story-teller's art, and take up in turn all the masterpieces of the novel in Spain, France, England and Germany. The Trustees have purchased from M. Struve, former Director of the National Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia, his fine library of astronomical and physical works, containing 4361 bound and unbound books and 3056 pamphlets. M. Struve has offered to give to the collection all the works he may receive up to the time of his death.

—We take pleasure in quoting from the *Cambridge Chronicle* the following item about our Boston correspondent:—

Mr. C. E. L. Wingate of Bellevue Avenue, for many years private secretary to the general manager of the *Boston Journal*—originally for Col. Clapp and lately for Mr. Stephen O'Meara,—has been advanced to the responsible and likewise remunerative position of assistant managing editor. While the promotion is on the lines of civil service reform, it is also a deserved recognition of Mr. Wingate's ability. It is an appointment which gives great satisfaction to all members of the *Journal* staff, and will, we feel sure, result in increasing the *Journal's* already growing popularity and value.

—*Godey's Lady's Book* has come to New York for a home, and will be known hereafter simply as *Godey's*. Its new managers declare that it has come here to stay at least as long as it stayed in Philadelphia—i. e., for sixty-two years. On Sept. 15 will appear the first new number, and it will be sought to make it 'the finest magazine ever issued on the American continent.' *Godey's* was once read throughout America, and even in other lands and islands.

—Little, Brown & Co. will begin in September a new edition of Bulwer's works in forty volumes, each having a frontispiece by E. H. Garrett.

—Mr. J. K. Hoyt, late managing editor of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, compiler of the Hoyt-Ward 'Cyclopedia of Quotations,' and author of the 'Romance of the Table' and other works, and Mr. C. L. Betts, translator of 'Songs from Béranger,' author of 'The Perfume-Holder' and co-author of 'Tales of a Garrison Town,' have gone into business in Newark, N. J., under the name of the Hoyt & Betts Literary Bureau. They propose to place literary material seeking publication, and to give advice and assistance to authors.

—Mr. William E. Pulsifer, who was for five years with Ginn & Co., and who has managed the New York office of D. C. Heath & Co. for the past two years, has become a member of the latter firm.

—The *Midsummer Holiday Century* will contain a story by Honoré Beaugrand of Montreal, founded upon a popular superstition among the voyageurs in the Northwest. M. Beaugrand, who has made a special study of the folk-lore of Canada, is President of the Montreal branch of the American Folk-lore Society, a Member of the Canadian Parliament and ex-Mayor of Montreal. He is the editor of *La Patrie*, the leading Liberal French paper, and a strong advocate of annexation. In the same magazine will appear 'An Ascent of Fuji the Peerless.'

—Mr. Nathaniel P. Coburn of Newton, Mass., has given \$50,000 to Colorado College, Colorado Springs, for the establishment of a library.

—For a first edition of 'Paradise Lost' \$600 was paid in London, the other day. It was a handsome copy, in the original binding, of that rarest variation of the first edition bearing the first or earliest title. There are eight variations of this first edition, and a copy of the fifth was purchased at the same sale for about \$98.

—The centenary of the birth of Shelley, on Aug. 4, will be celebrated in various ways in London, and also at Field Palace, near Horsman, England, where he was born, and where it is proposed to establish a Shelley Library and Museum, and to erect a memorial tablet in the parish church. It remains to be seen whether Oxford, from whose cloisters the poet was expelled in 1811, will do anything in memory of her distinguished son.

—Not discouraged by the unfavorable criticisms of 'David Grieve,' Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to be hard at work upon a new novel.

—Mme. Adam is said to have been a potent cause of M. Zola's defeat in his recent attempt to become one of the Immortals of the Académie. 'The distinguished lady scribe, who is nothing if not a diplomatist,' says Apemantus in *Literary Opinion*, 'pledged member after member to "pill" the famous—or, as she might say, infamous—realist. Hence his crushing defeat; and yet women cry out for the suffrage, and say they are down-trodden.'

—The circulation of Mr. Barnes Steven's book, 'Through Famine-Stricken Russia,' has been prohibited in that country.

—It is said that S. S. McClure, one of the pioneers in the newspaper syndicate business, is about to publish a magazine which will be unique in some of its features. Mr. McClure has for years been formulating the plan of a magazine, but until now there has been no announcement of its pending appearance. And now that the announcement has been made, he declares that he 'has made no practical plans.'

—Baron Henri de Rothschild has come across, at a provincial autograph sale, a hitherto unpublished manuscript play by Le Sage, the author of 'Gil Blas.' The comedy is in two short acts. It is entitled 'Arlequin Colonel,' is in verse, and will be played next winter at the Odéon Theatre in Paris.

—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's next book is to be a life of Elizabeth Fry.

—The fourteenth congress of the International Literary and Artistic Association will begin at Milan on Sept. 17. One of the chief subjects for discussion will be the changes that may be necessary in the Convention of Berne, in view of a diplomatic conference on the subject to be held in Paris next year.

—*The Athenæum* adheres to its custom of reviewing annually the literature of the various countries of Europe. Though this review fills twenty-six pages in the issue of July 2, space is still found for a two-page notice (not as unstintedly eulogistic as usual) of Mr. Swinburne's new book, 'The Sisters: A Tragedy.' A brief notice of Prof. Norton's 'remarkable' prose translation of Dante's 'Divine Comedy' heartily commends it as being 'readable in diction, elegant and terse in scholarship, and handy in form.'

### Publications Received

*Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.*

Anderson, J. Churches of Mattatuck.	New Haven, Conn.
Ball, W. W. R. Mathematical Recreations and Problems. \$2.25.	Macmillan & Co.
Burt, M. E. Story of the German Iliad.	E. Maynard & Co.
Bush, G. G. History of Higher Education in Massachusetts.	Washington: Bureau of Education.
Crow, C. L. Zur Geschichte des Kurzen Reimpaars im Mittelenglischen. Göttingen.	Chas. E. Merrill & Co.
Curry, G. Merrill's English History. Ed. by W. J. Rolfe.	London: S. Low, Marston & Co.
Emerson, P. H. A Son of the Fens.	Boston: Arena Pub. Co.
Gardner, H. H. Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?	U. S. Book Co.
Gilman, S. That Dakota Girl. \$1.25.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Grandgent, C. H. German and English Sounds.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Green, A. K. Cynthia Wakeham's Money. 50c.	J. A. Hill & Co.
Hays, G. P. Presbyterians. \$2.75.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Irwin, J. A. Hydrotherapy at Saratoga. 50c.	E. Maynard & Co.
Kellogg, B. and Reed, A. Word Building.	E. Maynard & Co.
Kipling, R. Text-Books on Rhetoric.	U. S. Book Co.
Kipling, R. Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses. 50c.	National Book Co.
MacQuoid, K. S. Appledore Farm.	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Malot, H. A Story without a Moral.	South. Washington: Bureau of Education.
Mayo, A. D. Southern Women in the Recent Educational Movement in the	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
McCosh, J. Our Moral Nature. 75c.	San Francisco: Overland Monthly Pub. Co.
Overland Monthly. Vol. XIX. Jan.—June, 1895.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Parr, Mrs. The Squire. \$1.	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Rand, McNally & Co.'s Pocket Map of Montana. 50c.	John Ireland.
Sales, P. The Price of a Coronet. Tr. by Mrs. B. Lewis. 50c.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Thomas, R. Leaders of Thought. \$1.	Phila.: P. Blackiston Son & Co.
Tineau, L. de. Thérèse de Quilleane. Tr. by F. S. Gray. 50c.	
Washington, W. Writings. Ed. by W. C. Ford. Vol. XIII. \$5.	
Westland, A. The Wife and Mother. \$2.	

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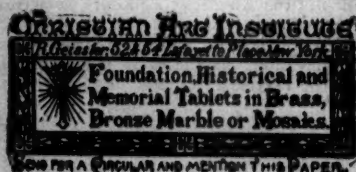
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